

AN ELEGY

Upon the DEATH of TWO

Eminent Ministers of the Gospel

Mr PLEDGER and Mr. WELLS.

Who Both Departed this Life on the Lords Day *June the 18th* 1676. The First
of them having Preached Twice, and Administred the Lords Supper
the very day of His Dissolution.

WHAT sudden Stroke Commands an Elegy,
When all the Muses Sacred Wells are dry?
Now Tyrant-Sol destroys those Fruits of Earth;
Whereto his milder Beams of late gave Birth;
When each Spring fears a Bankrupt to become,
And Murmuring Rivers their own Thirst bemoan;
When Parching Heats have brought that Woe to pass,
I'll make your Earth as Iron, your Heaven as Brass;
Hard as the Adamants Compacted Parts,
Or (what are yet less soft,) our stubborn Hearts;
In such a Drought what Chymist can Extract
That Quintessence of Tears our Griefs Exact,
For such a Loss! Two Good-Men in one day
By Deaths surprizing Hand thus snatch'd away.
Devouring Death! Thy Sythe too sharp is grown;
Such Precious Flowers should not so soon be mown:
Forbear a little longer! Spare, oh spare!
Kill not by Couples! Murder not a Pair!
Why Both? What? Doth th' All-consuming Tomb
Desire Twins in its Insatiate Womb;
Or wouldst thou make a Miracle Appear
Two Suns Eclipsed in one Hemisphere.
Look up (their Life's above) and see where stands
Their vital Glass, not emptied of its Sands.
But I, in vain Intreat, in vain Accuse,
What's Heavens Will, 'tis sinful to refuse;
'Tis the just Doom of fain Humanity,
And not more Natural to be Born then dye;

And now let us Reflect, what can be said
By living Mortals of th' Immortal Dead,
May they not smile at the vain Tears we shed?
Sure 'tis Preposterous, we that stay behind
In lingring Expectation of the Wind,
Should Grieve for those are past this Streight before,
And now have safely Reach'd the blissful Shore,
Thrice Happy Souls! who are to Sail no more.
It is not then on their Behalfe we mourn,
But on our own, That Lamentable storm
Of Sighs and Groans, whilst over-flowing Eyes
Dissolve their yielding Balls to Deluges;
And doleful Sobblings with Heart-breaking sound,
Wait their bewailed Bodies to the Ground.
All this does but Express the Love we bear,
And what we ought from their Remove to fear,
For 'tis a Judgment when the Righteous part,
And Men are stupid, not to lay't to heart.

Ah Pious Souls! which shall we first Admire,
Since Both were equal Lamps of Heavenly Fire,
Burning and Shining Lights, whose Actions wrought
On Hearts and jointly with their Doctrines taught;
For well they know Religion did not dwell
In Garbs or Phrases, but in Living well;

Two Painful Labourers, Towerful Preachers both,
Strangers to Covetousness, Pride and Sloth,
No Out-side Men, or zealous but in Talk,
But such as in one constant Orb did walk
Of solid Piety, whose Care was shewn
For their Flocks good as much as for their own;
And with unwearied Pains like Tapers Bright,
Consum'd themselves to Bless others with Light,
Would you see Heathen Chief Good Christend, and
Ethicks serve under Sacred Writs Command;
Their School points Justly now become our own,
Made Denizens in our Religion,
'Twas here, and every Moral Virtue hence
Chose a new Genus, and new Difference,
They found those Humane Lustres had before
But Twinckled in Raw Indigested Oar
Dispers'd and Branch'd in Speculative Veins
Through all the Southern school-mens Sun-Burnt Brains
And therefore Coyn'd them into Practick pence,
Now Current through all Marts of Conscience.
They did design (still their Example Strives)
To Vest these in their Rights unto our Lives;
To Discipline our Converse, work us That
Which Set sac'd Monks make but Religious Chat;
Nor know we how their Praises to Divide,
Who both beyond all Praise, Praise-Worthy Dy'd.
To th' last in their Dear Masters work Employ'd.
The Reverend Pledger, Twice that day had Preach'd
On which his Soul that Long'd for Heaven Reach'd.
That Active Soul as Large as one as ere
Submitted to Inform a Body here,
High as the place in Bliss he was to have,
Yet still as Low and Humble as his Grave.
Twice with his Lord that day he had *Feast*
First Here, But that not Satisfying's Taste
For a Full Meal to Heavenwards did hasten
And being Spent, (not weary) Sweetly Slept,
In those Almighty Arms, so long had kept
Him Safe, That wondrous Glory to Declare
Whereto he now Enjoys an End of his share;
Nor did good Wells less nobly quit the Stage
From the Turmoil's of an Ensnaring Age.
For with as much true Zeal and Piety,
He alway Liv'd as other Saints do Dye;
Where, like some Holy Sacrifice, 't Expire
A Fever Burns him, but Love Lights the Fire.
Go Happy Pair! May your Immortal State
Invite our Grosser Souls to Imitate.
I th' Book of Life you: Names Recorded stand
Engraven by your Great Redemers Hand
Verses are Vain, your Memory's more safe
For Cherubims shall Write your Epitaph,
Which in Mosaic Work with Diamonds Bright
Is Drawn in Heaven, and Read by its own Light.

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